From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

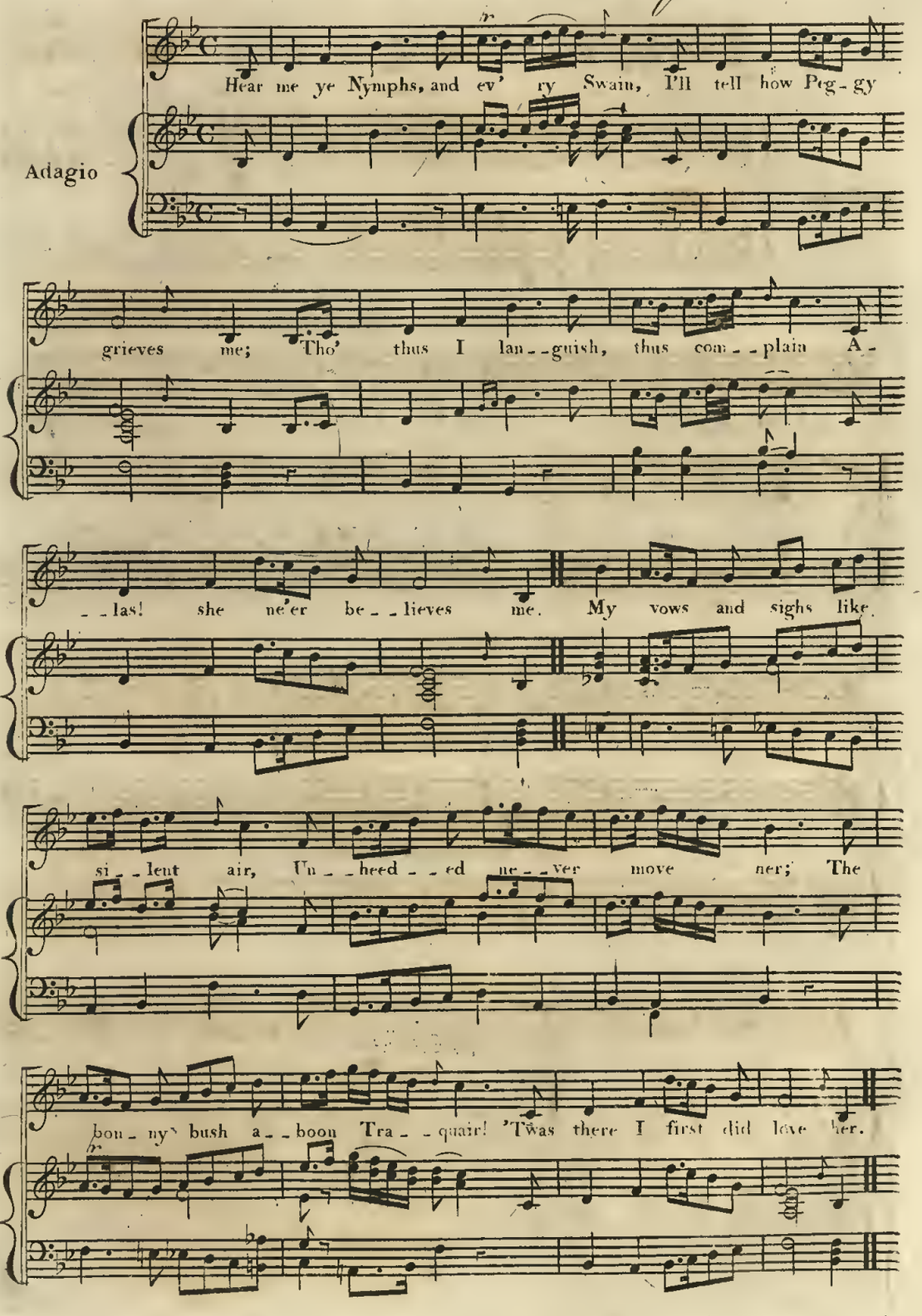
Hear me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me;
Though thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her.
The bonny bush aboon TRAQUAIR!
'Twas there I first did love her.

Ah! now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we once frequented:
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember:
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should PEGGY grieve me!
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon TRAQUAIR,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW

The Bush aboon Traquair.



From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW